

Day 6028 ~

I wake up immediately in a cold sweat. Was I dreaming of Nathan? Our whole talk?

I swing my legs off the bed and I'm confronted with a large mirror showing my red washed face. I focus on the bright blue eyes and chestnut color that cascades over my shoulders.

Ainsley Mills is an avid lacrosse player and there isn't one girly bone in her body. I access that she has two older siblings, both of which are more than 10-15 years older than her. Her parents are at a farmers market just a hour away from town, so she has the day, car, and house to herself.

There's a ready laptop on her desk and I decide to check my email for any changes in the details for today. Meeting at Nathan's house may not be a bad thing. He might actually be someone I could get along with and have a well grounded friend. He doesn't seem like the *perfect* candidate for a friend, but it wouldn't be hard for him to relate.

But, I can't trust him. He was fair to not have his parents snooping around the restaurant last night, but he's been anticipating that talk for awhile.

No changes for today's meet up. It's half past ten and I don't have to meet Nathan until noon. I decided to relish in Ainsley's feigning for hash browns this bleak morning.

It's only a 45 minute drive to Nathan's and there's no cars in front of the house. Was that Nathan looking through the blinds as park?

Before I reach the entrance, Nathan has opened the door, wearing khakis and button shirt with a sweater vest. This is casual for him. I wonder what he wears to weddings or funerals?

I'm seated in his living room as he secures the locks on his door, one by one. I'm not looking to escape. He sits tentatively in the chair across me.

He clasps his hands together, "Thanks for coming." Red trickles over his face.

"My pleasure...?"

"Anything new since yesterday?" His fingers fidget anxiously.

"New body, new day," I shrug.

"You being in a new body and all.. Uh, would you like something to drink?"

Nathan's options range from wheat grass juice to banana juice, so I settle with some water.

I decide to gaze at Nathan's family portraits and swiftly figure enters the room in the corner of my eye.

"What a rare chance might I see," a silver streak man is in my full view with a blue pinstripe suit. I feel the heat on my face, but I try to stay calm.

He puts his hand out. I try to stifle a smile and shake his hand, "Poole,"

"Andrew?"

"Yes."

The Reverend sits in a chair a few feet away, placed in close proximity to the front door. He fixes himself comfortably in the arm chair. He sits there relaxed, eyeing me. I size him up myself.

"The assembly of a congregation anticipates your presence I presume?"

"I've found more purpose here this morning," he smoothly says. "How's the devil's work doing in your life, boy?"

"I am not the devil, nor have I ever been." I retaliate

"Who are you? Do you even know what's inside of you."

"Not the devil."

"You relish in the devil's work."

"I do no work, I live."

"Son, you're quite the character," he chuckles.

I stare in his eyes, passively.

"Join us, son. You'd make a great addition." His face straightens.

I stand up to go for the door. While I walk past his chair and he suddenly has a firm grip of my arm and he stands and forces me back down to the couch. He stands in front of me, with his hands in his pocket.

"No harm is being done here, Andy. Just join us. Rejecting this offer would only bore more harsh ways of getting your permission."

I still stare at him.

"There are others like you, son." He paces in the living space. "Meet them, congregate with them, purge yourself of the devil, learn how to stay in one body and come back to those of your liking. It's easy, I'm very fond of the idea, I know what you're going through."

Nathan peaks his head into the room, Poole can't see him. I glance in his direction.

I keep my contemplating mind invisible.

"Join us while you can, son."

I get up to motion my exit, and Poole reaches for my arm and I swing it up, he then has a grip on my shoulder. His other hand reaches for my pocket. I twist so he can't reach it and he pushes me back by my shoulder to the wall and he continues to reach for my pocket. I duck head for the door Nathan spies through. I burst into the kitchen and Poole is at the entrance of the kitchen

before I'm out the door and I think Nathan held him back in time for me to reach my car to hurry off.

Still no parents. And a lit computer screen calls me. I check my email. There's a lingering email from Rhiannon from earlier today.

Hey,

R

I brood which points of my day I should reveal to her. I sit back in the chair and slump my hands in my jacket pockets. A smooth small rectangle meets my left hand. Poole's card, and dates and times accompany the back. I record the information in my email and save the draft.

I lay the card on a fork over the eager stove flame. Black soon creeps over the paper's face and it's gone. But, my decision for tomorrow, is forever.

Day 6029 ~

I reach for my door and it doesn't open. I play with the lock and the doors holds to its position. There's musty furniture that's associated with the hard bed I rose from.

I hear shuffling outside the door and access it's Jordyn's grandmother coming to the door. I quickly change into the crisp outfit hung on closet door and slip trying to put on my pants.

Sloshing and shuffling get close to the entrance of the room and a key frees the door. A hand brush is thrown my way and a bucket is sat down at the door.

"Get the attic done and you can come down for grits."

The woman shuffles down the hall and I'm still.

"Attic or no grits, girl!"

I quickly muster up and hastily grab the cleaning materials up to the cobweb infested attic.

Day 6030 ~

I wake up joyously to my favorite band. I notice a flooded book shelf, post-it notes pinned on a cork board, and records galore. The room has 70's style walls, with guitar picks taped on the on it.

I look over to his phone and there's 5 recent missed calls from Troy's mom.

"Breakfast!"

I'm fascinated at the notes on the cork. I explode with laughter at the commentary.

"Poop Joke of the Day – I pity the stool ~ Mr. T"

"Troy Abraham Stiles! Bacon ain't going to eat itself!"

The smell of fried pork reaches my nostrils and I make my way downstairs.

Troy is surrounded by an eclectic array of comrades. Lunch is full of carefree jokes and guffaws. There was never a moment when the conversation stifled. Laura and Mike dated, but now Mike's gay and Laura now dates Joe, but Mike's boyfriend now sits with us and Tom, Mike's boyfriend, has brought over quite the comedian Nia. Troy's group of friends are mainly Mike, Laura, Jay, and Ryan. But, he's nice to everyone. That kind of nice that is thoughtful and genuine.

I like him.

He's average, but he means so much to his surroundings. He snuck out the house and placed a box on the kitchen table for his parents. It was covered in advice his parents had told him over the years.

"S.M.O.G. Look at side view mirror, then rear mirror, over the shoulder, and go,"

He compiled CD's worth 10 hours for his parents anniversary trip, a 10 hour drive. Before he could get far enough, his mother called out the door and caught her son to give him a big hug, along with his father. Although an only child, his parents are content with his kind gestures.

He's there for people when others can't be. He's been rejected, he's failed, he's been the shoulder to lean on, he hasn't always known what to do. He's stayed out with his friends, he's driven to the ocean to see the sun at dusk, he's played guitar for hours in his tree house.

I decided to skip Biology to head for the library to the computers. I left Rhiannon's email hanging.

A,

I have to stop. Your presence makes me warm, safe, and comforted. But we can't keep going. The love I profess for you is real, but you're always going to leave me. It's now too

late to deny it.

R

I email her back to clear her night and say she's going to sleep over a friend's house, we need to meet, if not now, never again. An urgent email is relayed to meet at the grocer.

"Let's pretend we just met, here and now. I've asked you on a date and you pick the entree of the night and we'll prepare it like were at a 5 star restaurant and eat it like billionaires."

"H—"

"Just live in the now, not the past, the present. Now."

Apprehensive, twinkling eyes meet mine.

We pick up tomatoes, pasta, sauce, and pre made meatballs. We roll up and down the aisles on cart, and push each other in the cart.

There's a pulley that takes up our dinner and two blankets are on the floor of tree house. 7:47. I have a battery candle that illuminates the space.

I tell her about Poole, Nathan, possible kin, Troy's friends, his life, an idea.

I begin to mindlessly twirl my meatball. And I catch the deepest part of Rhiannon's eye.

"Consider it."

She doesn't look up from twirling pasta with her fork.

She calls her mom to say she's sleeping over Amber's house and Amber confirms.

I show her Troy's room. She's set up to spend the night at Troy's. She looks at the notes and elates in reading them. She peruses Troy's room, respectively, and examines his quirks. We lie in his bed. 8:28.

"I have to go, and it's hard to leave you, but I like him, and from my impression, you'd like him too,"

"I can't just switch like this,"

"You won't, he'll have to earn your trust, honor, and self, no different from you getting to know a person. He has some qualities I posses, and he has some new ones that will excite your life.

Together in each others arms. Close.

"Consider it."

For what seems like hours, I hold my one and only love close my heart. Her breathing matches mine, our chest rise and recede synchronically. I close my eyes and make Troy remember her scent, her face, tonight. A beautiful girl he relishes time with, and cherishes although they've just become acquaintances. He will remember the memory in the grocery store, the story of each aisle, the joy she brings him. 11:25.

I fix my position and this stirs Rhiannon.

"Our last time." she croaks.

"Our last time."

Troy will remember this. I will remember this. I've seared it in my mind and my first love has been declared and cherished. 11:45. I trace a heart on her chest, kiss her forehead and put the heart I traced on my chest. We both are tranced into sleep.

Day 6031 ~

I walk into a room with fold up chairs and tables. People sit in a circle and Poole enters.

"We have a newcomer," his smile slick.

"Welcome."

Day 6032 ~

Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 7. It works for everyone since there's people of all ages. There's 9 people like me. We assemble in a circle and talk about our lives.

Rose has grown quite fond of me. Today Rose is a Goth boy. Yesterday she introduced herself ecstatically, she was a girl who wrestled. She says she knows how to stay in one body, but switches as a form of entertainment. Keeps Rose's life lively I guess.

Being in a place where people can relate is completely foreign to me. I am elusive, I am evasive. Rhiannon has been my one and only and I've let her go to flutter my wings. Do I really want to keep one body? Evade someone's life forever?

There's apparently someone here who can go into anybody's body as they please. Day to day restrictions though.

Someone here is called Rex, supposedly he saw dinosaurs. It's too strange here. How did Poole find these people?

I always question if I'm the only one. Would I live forever? What if I ever fell in love again.

Rhiannon, my first and only love. Rose acts a bit weird around me. She's offered many times for us to have meet ups. We'd be in a body a different day, and we'd try our best to connect up, anywhere, everywhere, and the people who we're in, they'd just wake up next to each other after we'd left them.

In a peculiar sense, it'd be fun, but my life hasn't revolved around messing up other people's lives to enjoy my own. I'm in their body one day, and out by night fall. No interference.

Rose will always get away with the mistakes she's done to people lives. The suspect is a shadow that can never be discovered. Never be declared guilty. She's my friend. The only one who can truly understand what I am. She's no Rhiannon, but she has that unique sense of being.

Day 6033~

In the body of Dexter, Rose asks me to spend our lives together. Ditch Poole. Live for each other. No matter what, that we'll always have a connection. We'll mess up people's lives no matter the costs. We both now have someone to live for, not forget.

We have nothing to our names, just our souls that will taken us infinitely beyond, even the universe can't stop us, she says. Love trumps all, she says. We need to stay together, she says. We could glide across the country, even the world and be together. And if we're not, we'll find a way, she says.

Rhiannon, my mind whispers. Rhiannon.

Logistics doesn't matter, she says.

Interference, my mind whispers.

It doesn't matter, she says. We are our only friends. We understand each other at a level no human being can interpret. Money isn't a problem, she says.

Guilt, my mind whispers.

I silence both.

Benchmark Reflection:

When the project was introduced, I wasn't entirely sure what book I'd write it on. I had a choice between Jazz by Toni Morrison and Everyday by David Levithan.

I had already read Everyday, but I had no passion to do a project on it since the book's ending disappointed me so. I was in the process of reading Jazz, but that book was very hard to

follow, and I wasn't concrete in my redesigning the cover idea.

I then had an idea: why not read a book I might potentially like and do something on that? The prospective book was *Will Grayson, Will Grayson* by David Levithan and John Green. I had begun reading the book, and unfortunately lost it.

But, that's beside the point. I had an innovative teacher suggested a splendid idea! Why not rewrite the ending of *Everyday*?!

I decided that was a swell idea and created an ending I thought was suitable for the end of the book. My intentions for the ending was to give a structured, yet broad, idea of A's life after Rhiannon. I felt like A, the main character, leaving Rhiannon with a suitable boyfriend was fine, but A's life really mattered at the end of the book, and I feel like readers don't get any idea what that might ensue.

My ending included Revered Poole, an antagonist in the story, and I wanted Poole to introduce A to people like his kind. A then meets a soul named Rose, who's just like A, in that Rose goes from body to body. They become "sort of friends" and A decides if there should be an association between them.